

Stuffed Animals by prettyboiiharrington

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Summary:

anonymous — Steve giving Billy stuffed animals, at first Billy finds it dumb but he actually starts liking it.

Stuffed Animals

The first time it happens, they're at a carnival. Billy's clearly uncomfortable in his shitty jacket, but he knows he should be grateful he has one at all. Neil spends most of his money on Max and Susan now, which is whatever, he should take care of the kid it's not like Billy's actually worth anything, but it still sucks.

He's got fucking sensitive skin and he may be uncomfortable as an omega but that doesn't exactly stifle the instinct or need to feel comfortable and at home. He doesn't even feel safe in his own skin, so in his cheap button ups and itchy jackets, he's just irritated.

He's tense most of the night; Steve just assumes that it's because they're with the kids and Jonathan and Nancy, which yeah it's kind of weird and uncomfortable to be this open about his relationship with people that he's pretty sure still hate him, but it's also because he wishes he could crawl out of his own skin and join Steve in his, bask in the warmth and safety of love and friends, curl up in his jacket with him and just be one.

But he can't. He's not sure if he'll ever be as close to Steve as he wants to be, if it's even possible, and truth be told, he's not sure if he's allowed to try.

At some point they stray away from the group, and they both seem to notice that Billy's suddenly breathing easier. He's still tense, still going back and forth between pulling his jacket off so it's hanging around his shoulders, to shivering, admitting defeat, and putting it back on. Steve's offered Billy his jacket three times, but each time Billy's denied it. He's not going to make Steve freeze just because he's irritated; he'll get over it.

"You taking me to make out on the ferris wheel, or do you want more fried Oreos ?? I swear you came the last time you had them. Should I be jealous??" Billy teases, moving to press into Steve, feeling safer now that it's just them and not all Steve's friends that are already predisposed to assume he's a terrible person.

"Nah, I'm gonna win you something," Steve nods, confident and

determined. Billy finds humor in just how serious Steve is taking this.

“Don’t get your hopes up, it’s all rigged,” Billy shrugs. He’s just happy to watch Steve try, and he’s cute when his brow furrows or he starts to scowl. By the sixth game Billy’s starting to cringe. He knows Harrington has money to spare, but it’s making his own empty pockets feel like they’re burning into his thigh.

“Seriously, maybe you should stop. You don’t have to impress me,” Billy doesn’t think Steve is the type to show off, to have to prove himself as an alpha, at least not in the shallow macho way most guys do, but he’s been wrong before.

“It’s not about that,” Steve sighs, and when he looks at Billy he notices his skepticism, so he continues. “Seriously ?? It’s in like every teen movie ever. You take someone on a date to a carnival, you win them a prize. I’m getting you a teddy bear, whether you like it or not.”

Billy’s learned that Steve likes to spoil him, but he hasn’t pushed too much because he doesn’t want Billy to think it’s a handout as opposed to a gift. That’s another thing that he likes about Steve; he respects boundaries despite his basic instinct to tend to Billy regardless of what he has to say on the matter.

Steve has more self-control than anyone he’s ever met, not just any alpha but literally every person he has ever come across. It’s what helped Billy realize he loves him. He doesn’t stay with Steve because he has to, because some alpha is posturing and has forced him into a corner. Billy has had to plan so many goddamn escape plans in his short life, that he finds comfort knowing he doesn’t have to run or hide from Steve. He’s safe and loved, and he hopes Steve feels the same in return.

“Whatever you say big guy,” Billy teases, a smirk dancing across his features.

Steve says ‘just one more game’ three times before he finally takes Steve up on his offer for his stupid fucking jacket. He’s all for humoring his boyfriend but his skin is so fucking irritated that he’d literally left his own jacket at the counter of the last game and

embraced the chilled October air. Turns out Billy's teeth chattering sets the protective alpha on edge; Billy can use making Steve happy as an excuse to take the jacket without feeling as guilty.

"You plan to give up any time soon ?? They close in an hour," Billy sighs, yawning, but not actually annoyed or even ready to leave. Steve's been guiding him by his hand and Billy's been following him blindly because he's with his boyfriend and it's not home, so he's happy.

"I'm gonna get it this time, trust me. I can feel it," Billy tries not to laugh at him, he really does, but he can't help it, and Steve is elbowing him and tickling his side.

"You gonna play, or am I just gonna get stuck watching you two dry hump for the rest of the night?" the guy manning the booth asks and Billy has to hold in a growl. He may be trying to be less of an asshole, but that doesn't mean his quick temper has magically disappeared.

Steve glares at the guy, but he sets down some cash, seems to be enough for two games if Billy counted right. Steve almost gets it the first time, he was so close that Billy himself feels the sting of defeat, even after all of Steve's failed attempts everywhere else. The carnie smirks and Billy wants to scratch his eyes out. He reigns it in as Steve lines up for his second attempt at knocking those goddamn bottles down. He's not sure if it's the determination, the frustration, or Steve just being right about feeling it in the fucking air, but he wins, he actually fucking wins.

Steve acknowledges the asshole long enough to get his prize and then they're walking towards the front, looking for everyone else they came with. He goes to hand it to Billy and Billy, deciding to embrace the brat he truly is, scrunches up his nose and pushes it away.

"Who says I want your dumb bear Harrington?" Billy taunts, and Steve tries to hide his disappointment, knowing Billy's only teasing. Instead of pouting or pleading, he decides to throw it at Billy's face. Billy catches it, and squeezes it tightly to him. The bear is stupid, and cheap, and smells like some weird chemical and he fucking loves it.

"God forbid I want you to have something to remember me by,

asshole.”

They both laugh, and when they get to the front Dustin pretends he’s going to puke from how gross they are, being all romantic and lovey dovey. He kind of smells like puke already, too much fried food and too many fast rides will do that to a kid, and Billy’s theory is confirmed when Dustin goes green after forcing himself to gag in order to commit to the joke; he’s at least able to keep his food down this time.

“Shut the fuck up Henderson,” they say in unison and Billy suddenly becomes overwhelmed with just how much he loves this idiot, *his* idiot.

The second time Steve decides to give him one, it’s Valentine’s day. Billy gets him a pack of smokes, chocolates, some lame drawing of them, and a cheesy card that says ‘you’ve got a pizza my heart’ on it.

Okay, so maybe he put a little thought into it, since he actually made the card himself after he got the idea from Pinterest and it was a little callback to their first actual date at the pizzeria they went to just before they went to that old drive-in a few towns over. And, he actually drew the picture of them himself, spent fucking hours on it, and he kind of hates it but he wasted his time on it, so he might as well give it to him. He actually cares a fucking lot, but he wasn’t going to show it.

Turns out Steve notices anyways, but he’s nice enough not to tease Billy too much, just showers him in affection and thanks him a thousand times over.

Billy ends up thinking it’s not enough because, in typical rich kid fashion, Steve spoils him. Steve spoils him so goddamn much, and he knows that Steve’s particular brand of hopeless romantic and chivalrous alpha screams to shower Billy in gifts, but the fancy dinner, two new jackets, locket, wallet (with twenty bucks in it because apparently it’s bad luck to give someone a wallet with no cash in it), wallet chain, and new boots to replace his worn out ones seems a bit too much. And then Steve gives him this giant fucking

teddy bear that's actually taller than him, six-foot-five Steve boasts proudly, and Billy is mortified.

"It's too much," Billy frowns and Steve lets out an involuntary whine at Billy's disappointment. "No, I love it, like it's fucking amazing Steve it's just, it really is too much, or I mean, I didn't get you enough."

"You got me plenty. I'm getting this framed. It's the best gift I've ever gotten."

"It's just some bullshit I drew up because I couldn't afford to get you a real gift."

"Don't say that, s'not *bullshit*," Billy isn't sure why Steve seems so upset by that, but he's frowning, so instead of arguing or trying to get Steve to take all his shit back, he silently admits defeat and leans forwards to kiss him.

"Thank you," he opts for instead, and instantly that precious smile is taking over Steve's features again and Billy finds himself mirroring the expression. It's not the gifts that make him so happy, although all that shit to someone who stopped getting any gifts other than cheap clothes for Christmas means a lot more than Steve probably realizes, but rather Steve thinking he's worth it.

It's Steve's own happiness that warms Billy up from the inside out. He lets the joy linger between them for the rest of the night, but then the night's coming to a close and he has to burst their bubble.

"I can't take it home," he sighs, looking to the backseat where the bear is buckled in. Steve is such a dork, and he loves every bit of him for it. Steve's eyes grow big and sad, thinking Billy's rejecting his gifts again.

"Hey, calm down," Billy reaches for Steve, squeezing his arm at an attempt to ease his worry. Billy wasn't cruel enough to deny his gifts again. "I love it, I want it, okay ?? Might replace you, have him as my boyfriend he's that great—"

"Hey!!" Steve protests with mock offense.

“Don’t interrupt me shithead,” Billy reprimands him with a playful shove before having to return to a more serious tone. “I just...If I bring it home, Neil’s gonna ruin it eventually. I was just wondering if you could hold onto it for me.”

“Oh,” Steve nods in understanding, trying to handle his mixed feelings. He’s relieved that Billy wants his gift, but he’s also really angry and sad that Neil would ruin Billy’s things; he’s not surprised, but if anything that makes it more upsetting. “Yeah, we can keep it at my place, just until we get a place of our own.”

“Thanks,” he’s not sure if he’s thanking Steve for all the gifts, for the perfect day, or for giving him something nice to dream about that night; honestly, he’s probably just covering all his bases. “Love you.”

“Love you too,” Steve answers, leaning over to steal a kiss. If those words coming from Billy’s mouth were the only thing he got for Valentine’s day, it would have been more than enough.

Billy’s favorite is the fifth or sixth one Steve gets him. It’s this goofy looking shark. It’s so fat and soft and it’s the first time Billy’s ever seen a shark for how he pictures them, happy and cute and beautiful and he loves it more than anything.

It helps that it smells so much like Steve too. His two favorite things, sharp toothed fucking ocean puppies and his beautiful, goofy alpha. King of the ocean and King of his heart; he wants to puke at how cheesy he’s being, even if it’s only in his head.

“Did you seriously scent it for me ??”

“I can’t be around all the time, at least not ‘til you move out so I uh, I figured maybe it could be, I dunno, comforting. You think it’s stupid, don’t you??” Steve sighs, chewing at his lip nervously. God, his alpha was a piece of work.

He’s not sure if he’s this self-conscious because of Nancy or his parents lack of interest in him, or if his boyfriend just has some kind of complex, but he’s determined to never hurt Steve the way

everyone else had; he's made a vow to never hurt Steve in any way ever again. He might never forgive himself for the pain he's already caused.

"You ever think that maybe I *like* the shit you give me," Billy looks at him with a soft smile, hugging the shark to his middle without thinking. Steve is still standing there awkwardly, looking down at Billy who's sitting on his bed. It's so much comfier than Billy's, so that's where you'll usually find him if he's at Steve's place. Sometimes you can find him sleeping there even before Steve gets home to join him.

"You do??" Steve questions, perking up almost instantly. Billy lets a fond little chuckle escape him, completely exasperated as to how stupid Steve can be when it comes to just how goddamn much Billy loves him.

"Why do you think I've got that fucking cheap ass carnival bear in my bed every night ??" Billy rolls his eyes, reaching for Steve and pulling him down onto the bed next to him. He squeezes the shark, still in awe of just how soft it is. He turns to face Steve to where he's now sitting, no longer surprised about how pliant and willing Steve always is for him. "Can't believe you remembered how much I like 'em. Didn't think I told you."

"You uh, you didn't," Steve admits, nervously scratching the back of his neck and focusing on the stuffed animal and Billy's hands instead of Billy himself as rose tints his cheeks. "Just, when we went to the aquarium you looked all dazed when we saw the sharks, and I know you were trying to hide it but you got really upset when you heard that mom telling her kid how dangerous and scary they are so...I kind of just put two and two together."

Billy looks at him, shocked. "I can't believe you sometimes."

"I uhm, sorry, too weird ?? I didn't mean—"

Billy surges forward and catches him in a bruising kiss, cutting Steve off and Steve immediately loses every negative thought that was swimming around his head; hell, Billy kisses him with such force and passion that Steve kind of loses all conscious thought for a few

moments.

“It’s not weird, you fucking idiot,” Billy tells him when they finally part. “It’s perfect, *you’re* perfect.”

“Yeah?”

“*Yeah.*”